



Eleven Learns About Sex by loverofbooks910

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Summary: Girls at school are nosey about El and Mike's personal life. El's doesn't know much about the real world. What will happen when she hears the word "sex" used for the first time?

1. Chapter 1

I own none of the characters, they all belong to the Duffer Brothers. The main idea for this fanfic was inspired by another *Stranger Things* fanfic I read. Any feedback you have, I'd love to hear!

Eleven's POV:

"Eleven! Time for school, honey!" That's Joyce. She's my adoptive mom, now. I hear steps coming down the hallway. The door makes a creak, as Will slowly steps inside my room.

"Hey, El," he greets me.

"Good morning, Will," I reply. I've been learning different words, how you're supposed to say things, and other stuff like that. It's been a year since the Snow Ball, the Mind Flayer, and closing the gate. "We have to do the school today?" I ask, pouting. "The school is boring."

Will chuckles in response. "Yeah, I know. But it's required... So let's get going!" He exclaims. "I'll race you on the bikes!"

"Okay." I love using bikes. They're fun to ride. It makes me feel like I'm running super fast. I like riding with Mike, though.

"First one to school gets Eggos tomorrow!" Will shouts. He races out of the room, me following after him. I WILL get those Eggos.

"Bye, Joyce!" I shout as I race out the door with Will. We both hop on our bikes, racing down the road.

Mike's POV:

When will it finally be time for lunch! I wanna see El.

RING, RING! Everyone jumps out of their seats, racing out the classroom door. I wait for Will and Dustin. We walk out of the class together, meeting up with Lucas on the way to the cafeteria. We all sit down at a table. *Where's El?*

"Hey, Will?" I start.

"Yeah?" He replies.

"Where's El?" I ask nervously. "Shouldn't she be here by now?"

"Yeah," Dustin says. "Didn't she just have American History?"

"She did," Will replies. He frowns. "I'm not sure where she is."

"I saw her before last period," Lucas adds.

"I'll be back, guys," I say, standing from my seat. "I'm gonna go see if I can find her." I walk out of the cafeteria, ignoring the suggestive joke Dustin makes.

The hallway is quiet except for my footsteps. I walk for a few minutes, wondering where El could be. Then I hear the sound of low voices. *Who's in the halls?*

I turn the corner of the hallway, finding El. She is standing in the middle of the posse of popular girls. The girls are poking and prodding her. She looks between all of them, confused and scared.

Eleven's POV:

"So, El..." I turn to see Stacy and her posse walking towards me. The bell's just rung. I need to meet Will, Dustin, Lucas, and Mike for lunch. I try to walk away, but they corner me.

"Yes?" I reply meekly.

"You're dating the Wheeler boy, right? Mike?" Stacy asks me. I nod slowly. *Why does she want to know about Mike?* "Have you guys..." She pauses to glance at the other girls. They're all giggling and smiling. "Done it?"

"Done what?" I ask.

"You know. *It.*" Stacy raises her eyebrows.

"What's it?" I question. I have no clue what she's talking about.

"Sex, El. Have you had sex?" one girl says. Stacy glares at the girl, shushing her. Then she turns back to me.

"So. Have you?" She asks again.

"What is... Sex?" I ask.

"You don't know what sex is?" Stacy asks dumbfounded. "Everyone knows what sex is, El. I guess Mike's just boring."

"Mike isn't boring!" I say indignantly.

"Sorry, El," she replies. I can tell she doesn't mean it. "Have you ever seen Mike's dick?" she asks me. This just confuses me even more.

"What's that?"

"You don't-" she breaks off with an exasperated sigh. She shakes her head, looking bored. Then she brightens up again. "Wanna know about sex, El?"

"I, um... Yes?" I reply.

"Well, it's-"

"Leave her alone!" I turn to see Mike standing at the end of the hallway.

"Mike!" I yell, relieved to see him.

Mike's POV:

I walk towards El, Stacy and her posse looking shocked. "El!" I shout. Stacy and her posse part like the Red Sea. "Are you okay?" I ask when I reach her.

"Yes," she replies. She looks confused and kind of shaken. I hug her, holding her close for a moment. Then I turn to Stacy, glaring.

"Stay away from El," I warn her.

"We weren't bothering her. Just... Trying to teach her," Stacy replies. "Bye," she says. She waves and sashays away, her little posse

following close behind.

I turn to look at El again. "Were they bothering you, El?" I ask fiercely.

"No, Mike. They just asked me some questions," she assures me.

I kiss her softly. When I pull away, her cheeks are red and she's smiling a little. "Okay," I say, satisfied with her answer. "Let's go. Lunch is almost over and Will, Lucas, and Dustin are probably wondering what happened." I grab her hand, leading her through the maze of hallways, back to the cafeteria.

When we arrive, Lucas, Dustin, and Will all look slightly worried. I sit down at the table, El settling down beside me.

"What happened?" Dustin questions.

"Yeah!" Lucas adds. "Where was El, Mike?"

"She was in the hall, close to the history room. Stacy and her stupid posse cornered her," I inform them "She says they were just asking her some questions."

"They didn't hurt you, did they, El?" Will asks. He looks kind of queasy. I can understand why, though. El is like a little sister for him.

"No. I'm okay," she reassures him. "They just asked me questions."

"What did they ask you?" Dustin and Lucas ask in unison.

"Um... I don't remember," El responds. She has an odd look on her face.

Eleven's POV:

"Whoever gets to Mike's house first, gets any comic they want!" Dustin yells as he, Lucas, Mike, Will, and I peddle down the road on our bikes.

"Any comic!" Will exclaims. "You're on!" Dustin, Will, and Lucas all speed up, passing me and Mike. They disappear around a bend, their

whoops and hollers still audible.

"Mike?" I say hesitantly.

"Yeah, El?" he responds.

"Can I ask you something?" I ask. I want to know what a dick is. And what sex is.

"Sure, what is it?" he replies.

"Later. Not now," I tell him.

"Alright? I guess so," he agrees, somewhat puzzled. "We should probably speed up a bit," he recommends. "They're gonna leave us in the dust."

"Okay." Mike and I start to peddle faster. After a few minutes, his house comes into view. Lucas, Dustin, and Will are all by the garage, their bikes lying on the ground. Dustin is lying on the ground face-down, his limbs splayed in all directions. Will is sitting glumly next to his bike. Lucas is whooping and jumping up and down, a wide grin on his face.

I can hear him saying to Dustin, "You owe me an *Uncanny X-Men* #193!"

"C'mon guys!" Mike calls. "Time to start a new campaign!"

"Yeah!" Dustin yells, sitting up and brushing off dirt. We all head inside, to Mike's basement. The boys set up everything while I sit on the couch, playing around with Mike's Millennium Falcon.

"We're ready!" Will announces. "Come on, El! You're our mage!" I stand up and join them around the table.

Mike's POV:

"Bye, Dustin! Bye, Lucas! See ya later!" Mike calls from the garage. Lucas and Dustin zoom off, waving goodbye. A minute or so later, Joyce's car pulls up in the driveway. She steps out and comes over to Mike, Will, and me.

"Come on, Will, El. Let's go," she says. She motions for us to come join her.

"Bye, Mike," Will says. He walks over to Joyce, who gives him a hug.

"Joyce," I say tentatively.

She raises an eyebrow. "Yes, El?"

"Can I, um... Can I stay at Mike's house tonight?" I ask. I prepare myself for her answer.

"I suppose so." Mike and Will gape in response. My eyes widen. "As long as Mrs. Wheeler is okay with it."

"Yeah, my mom doesn't mind!" Mike says. "El can stay over anytime!"

"Okay," Joyce says. "El, make sure you behave yourself. Do you need me to bring you anything, honey?" There's the mom in her.

"No, I'm okay," I tell her.

"Alright. Bye, honey," Joyce says.

"Bye, El!" Will calls. Will and Joyce both climb into her car, Joyce looking somewhat worried. Will waves as Joyce drives off. Once her car is out of view, Mike turns to me.

"What is it you wanted to ask me, El?" he asks.

"Inside," I order. I walk back inside, Mike hurriedly following behind me. I plop myself down on the couch. Mike pauses, then pulls up a chair in front of me.

"So..." he starts.

"What's sex?" I blurt out.

"Woah, um... Where did you hear that word?" Mike asks.

"Stacy asked me," I pause thinking. "If we have sexed. Have we sexed, Mike?"

"NO!" he exclaims. "Definitely not!"

"Is it bad?" I ask. "Do you not want to sex me?" He turns red, making me even more worried.

"No, no, no! Of course I'd like to have sex with you," he exclaims. "It's just not something that we should be doing. It's for adults," he explains.

"What is it?" I reply. "I wanna know."

"Well," he starts. "I shouldn't be the one to tell you this, El!"

"Please, Mike," I plead. "Friends don't lie."

He looks away for a moment, chewing a nail. He looks back at me. "Fine."

"I love you," I say, smiling.

He smiles softly. "I love you, too."

"So. What's sex?" I ask.

"Ummm... Well, it's when two people love each other, they-"

"Like us?" I say. "We love each other."

"Yeah, I guess so." His face turns red. "Well, those people, they have sex. During sex, you're naked. A guy, he um... Do you know anything about anatomy, El?" He pauses.

"What's... Anatomy?" I ask.

"It's like science about the human body," Mike explains.

"Oh, okay."

"Well, I should explain some anatomy to you. So, a guy, he, uh... Guys have different parts in their... lower areas."

"I don't understand." I frown. There's a lot of stuff I don't know yet. I've been in school a little bit. All my friends and my new family has

taught me stuff, but not much. "What do boys have?"

"Well, scientifically, a penis. Most people will call it a dick, though," he tells me.

"Ohh, Stacy mentioned that," I reply.

"What!" Mike exclaims.

"She asked if I've ever seen your dick," I tell him.

"Oh, um, yeah, okay," he stammers, turning redder. "I should keep explaining sex to you," he says, recovering himself. "Basically, the guy puts his dick inside the girl's... area."

"What's the big deal, then?" I wonder.

"Well, it's how babies are made. And it's more than just that. Apparently, it's supposed to feel really good. It's like a way for two people to become physically closer," he elaborates. "It's also referred to as sleeping with someone."

"Is that what Jonathan and Nancy do when they sleep together?"

"I mean, I guess. I don't want to think about that!" He replies, scrunching up his nose.

"Okay. Sorry. I guess that's all I was wondering," I say. We sit there for a couple of minutes in silence. Finally, I yawn loudly.

"Oh, you're probably tired," Mike realizes. "It's getting late. If you want, you can sleep in my bed with me," he offers.

"I'd like that," I reply. I let Mike lead me up the flights of stairs, into his bedroom. He quickly throws some toys and comics off his bed, pulling down the blanket so we can crawl in.

"Can I use one of your shirts to sleep in?" I ask.

"Oh, yeah. Sorry, I'll get you one right now," he replies. He grabs a big shirt from his dresser. "This one's too big for me. It should be comfortable enough for you to sleep in." He tosses the shirt to me.

"Thank you," I respond.

"If you want, the bathroom's down the hall," he tells me.

"No. I'll change here." Before Mike can react, I pull my shirt up, over my head.

2. Chapter 2

Mike's POV:

"Umm, El," I mutter. I purposely look everywhere except her. I know if I let this continue, I won't be able to stop. "I don't think this is such a good idea."

"Why not?" El says unhappily. "Mike, look at me. Please," she begs.

I slowly turn my gaze to her naked body. *God, she's so beautiful.* I gasp softly. "Wow, you're, um... You- you're-"

"Pretty?" El asks. Her cheeks are slightly flushed, her hair tousled after taking off her shirt. Her skin is pale, shining in the moonlight filtering through my window. Her breasts are small, but perky. I feel my pants starting to get tight.

"Yeah," I breathe out. I feel heat rising in my cheeks. El starts to walk towards me. I turn my head away, trying not to look at her.

"Mike," she starts. "Why won't you look at me?" she asks. I turn back to her. Her eyes are shining, her brows slightly furrowed, a small frown on her face.

"Because... I love you so much and I'm afraid that if I start to do anything with you, I won't be able to stop myself," I blurt. El's cheeks turn a rosy pink, a small smile forming on her face.

"I want to... I want to sex you," she says. She walks all the way to the bed, sitting criss-cross right in front of me.

I hastily try to pull the blanket up a bit more. "El, I, um... I want that too, but, we-"

Her mouth is suddenly on mine, softly kissing me. When she pulls away, her eyes are pleading. "Please," she says softly.

I quietly groan. "Fine," I give in. El smiles deviously. *Oh, boy.* She quickly jumps on me, her lips crashing into mine. I return her kiss with as just much force. We break apart, gasping.

El pulls the blanket down, revealing my boner. Her eyes widen slightly, looking slightly confused. "Oh, uh, that's a boner; it's what happens when a guy gets... excited."

"Oh, okay," El replies, nodding her head in understanding. She suddenly puts her hands over my boner.

Eleven's POV:

Mike gasps as I place my hands over his boner. "El," he groans. I remove my hands from his boner, placing them instead at the edge of his pants. His eyes widen a bit, but he says nothing as I slowly pull down his pants. He sighs as his boner is freed from his pants. I reach to grab his boxers, but he grabs my wrist, stopping me.

"This is our first time, so I wanna make it good for you," he says. Then he flips me over, putting him over me. He pauses for a moment as if contemplating what to do. Then he places his hand on one of my breasts. I gasp as his cold hand sends a shiver through me.

"Is this okay?" he asks. I nod, wanting him to keep touching me. He softly and slowly kneads my breast, eliciting small gasps and moans from me. I don't try to stifle them or anything. I know I wouldn't be able to.

He continues to knead one breast, lowering his mouth to the other. I moan softly as he places his warm, soft mouth over it. He sucks on it gently, sending small pinpricks of pleasure through me. He stops sucking on it. He lifts his head for a moment, looking confused. Then he blows on the breast, cold air making my nipples hard and erect. He flicks his tongue over the nipple, sending wanting and lust through me.

"Miiiiiike," I quietly moan, unconsciously bucking my hips up. He smiles a little, proceeding to do the same thing to my other breast. Then he stops, lowering his hands to my underwear.

"No," I say.

He pulls his hand away abruptly, looking puzzled. "No?" he echoes.

I nod in response. "I want to... do you," I tell him, struggling for a

term. I want to make him feel like I felt.

Mike's POV:

I laugh inwardly at her unknowingly saying something sexual. "Okay," I respond. She smiles slightly, looking flushed, her hair slightly mussed. I sit up, pulling her along with me. She puts her hands at the waistband of my underwear. I shiver slightly under her touch. She slowly pulls down my boxers, freeing my boner.

She pauses for a moment, her eyes clouded and unreadable. "Mike," she says softly.

"Yes, El?" I respond.

"I- I don't know what to do," she admits.

I immediately soften. "Oh, it's okay. You don't need-"

"But I want to!" she protests. Her eyes are sad and dark as I gaze into them.

"Okay," I say. "I guess... Maybe your mou-" I stop, gasping in surprise. I'm suddenly pushed into a seated position on my bed, El kneeling with her mouth around my dick. She is softly sucking on the tip, making me groan. "Ohhh, god," I moan.

She stops abruptly. "Did I do it wrong?" she worries.

"No, no. That was great, El. Just keep doing stuff like that," I encourage her. She nods, returning to my dick.

Her teeth graze the tip and shaft, as she moves her head up and down on my dick. I moan loudly, turning red when she looks up at me. She suddenly takes in my whole dick.

"Ohhh," I moan aloud. A sudden urge takes over my senses, and I find myself pushing her head down, pushing myself deeper into her mouth. Her mouth is warm around my dick, and I can feel a sort of pressure building down there. I groan loudly as she runs her tongue over the shaft.

"El, I- I- OHHHH!" I moan loudly, the pressure leaving. White come seeps from El's mouth. She quickly removes her mouth from my dick, spitting out come and looking kind of puzzled.

"Oh, dammit! El, I'm sorry," I apologize.

"What was that?" she asks.

"It's come. It, uh, means that I liked what you were doing. And it's what makes babies." El responds with an unreadable stare. "It's nasty, I know. I'm sorry-"

"It's not nasty," El replies, finally. "It's what will make baby Mike's and El's someday," she states in a matter-of-fact way.

I blush crimson when she says this. "Yeah," I say shakily.

El stands back up, wrapping her arms around my neck. Her body presses against mine, making me hard. She kisses me softly. "Is this all that happens when people sex?" El asks.

"Oh, uh, no. The guy puts his dick inside the girl, sort of," I explain.

"How?" she asks.

"Well... You know you have a private area, right?"

"Yes," El replies.

"It goes in there because it's like... A little chamber," I tell her.

"I want to do that," El says.

"Oh, yeah. Okay," I reply, El slowly pushing me onto the bed again. She kisses me, not a soft kiss, but a hard, insistent kiss; a kiss asking for something.